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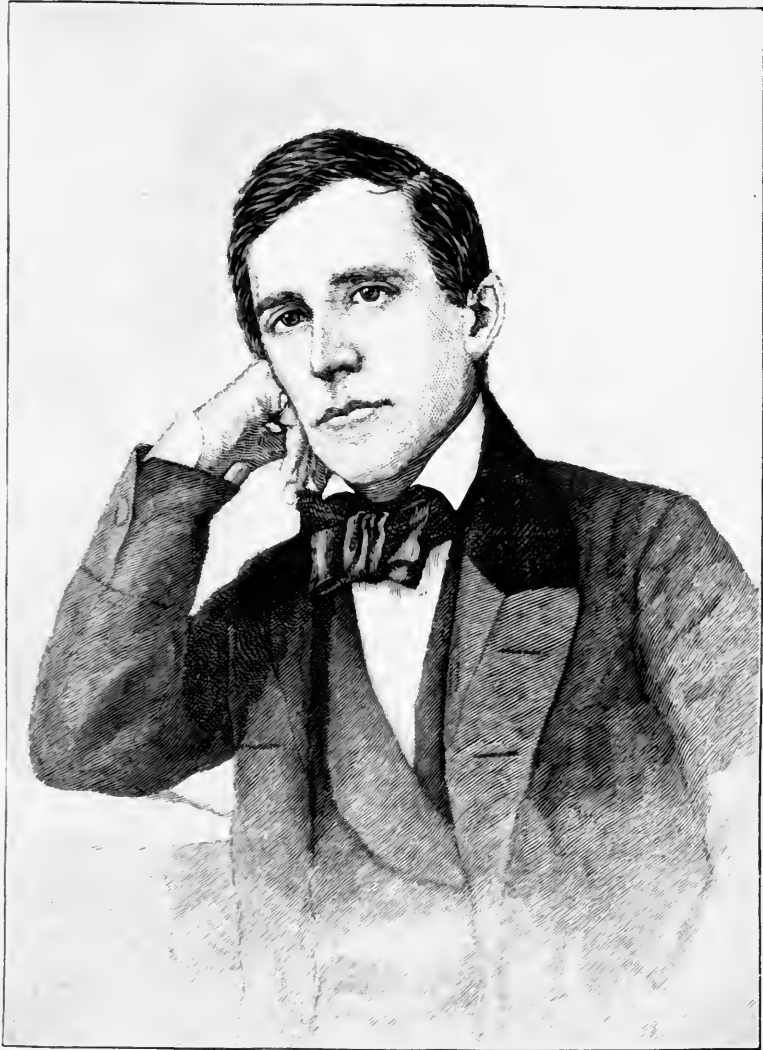
MY OLD

KENTUCKY HOME



STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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*John C. Foster.*

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Written and Composed

BY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON  
TICKNOR AND COMPANY

211 Tremont Street

1889

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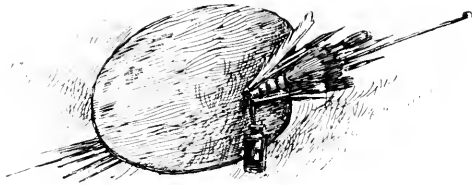
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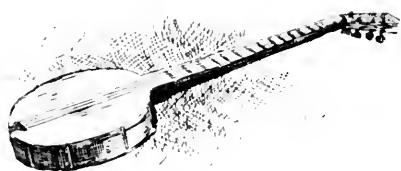
## Illustrations

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE AND CHARLES COPELAND.



*Drawn, engraved, and printed under the supervision of*

A. V. S. ANTHONY.









## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

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THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;  
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By-'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

### CHORUS.

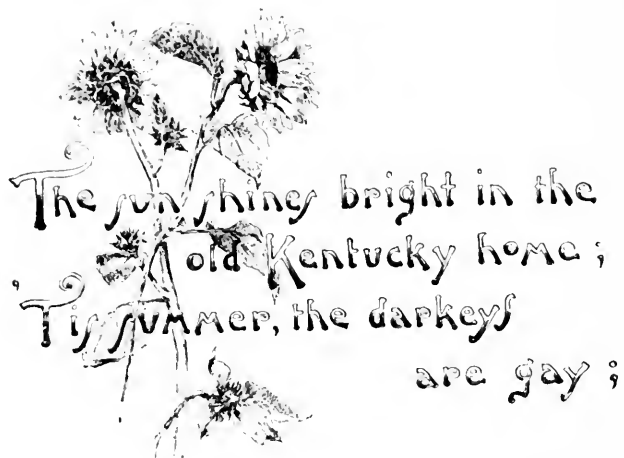
Weep no more, my lady;  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,  
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

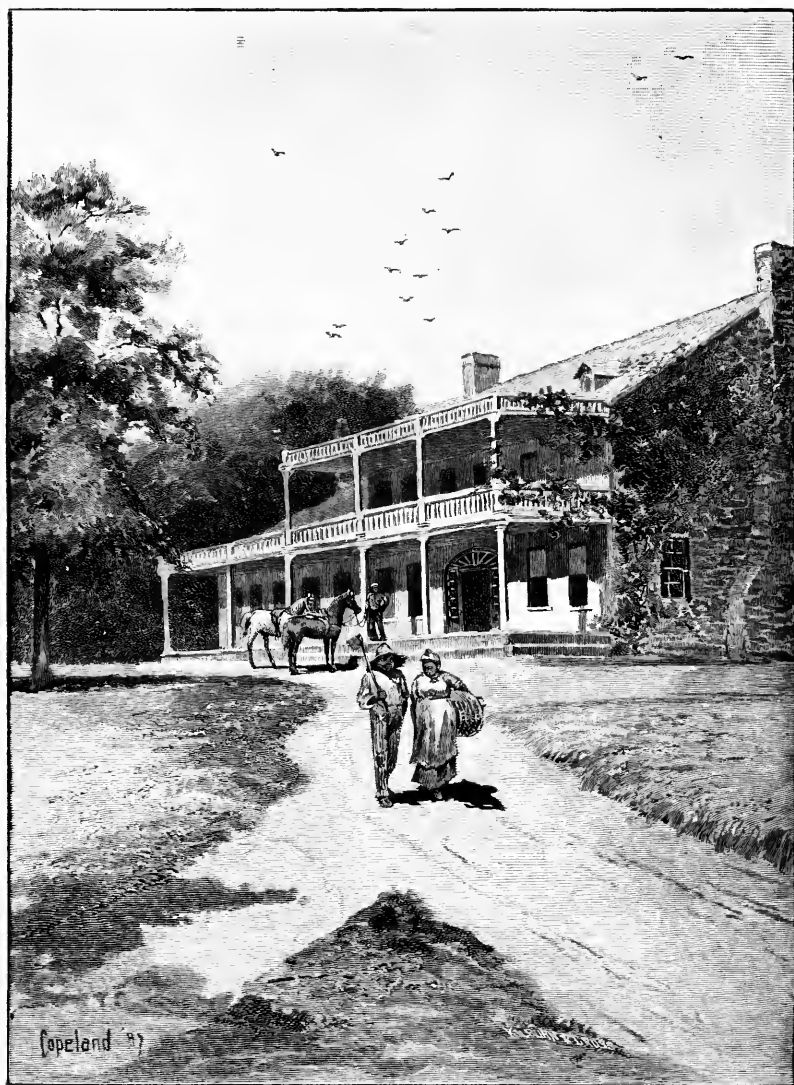
### CHORUS.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar-canecanes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
No matter, 't will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

### CHORUS.



The sun shines bright in the  
old Kentucky home ;  
Tis summer, the darkeys  
are gay ;





The corn-top's ripe, and the  
meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music  
all the day.



Copeland 87



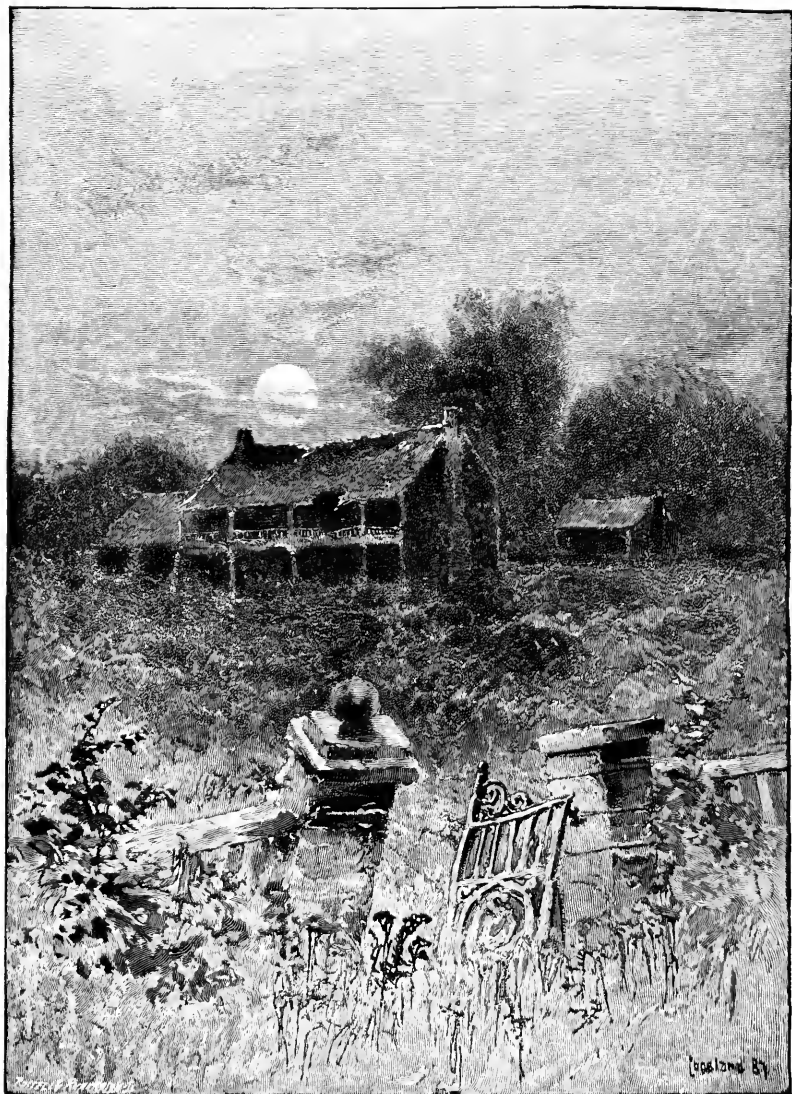
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All merry, all happy  
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By'nby Hard Times  
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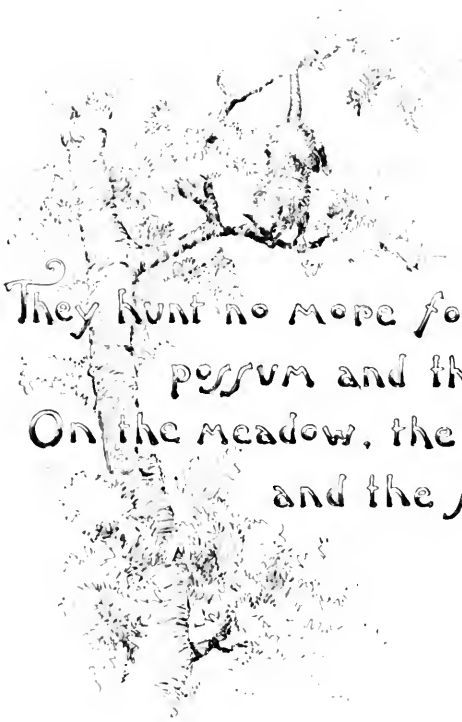


A decorative floral illustration featuring a central stem with several small, round, daisy-like flower heads and smaller buds, positioned above the first two lines of text.

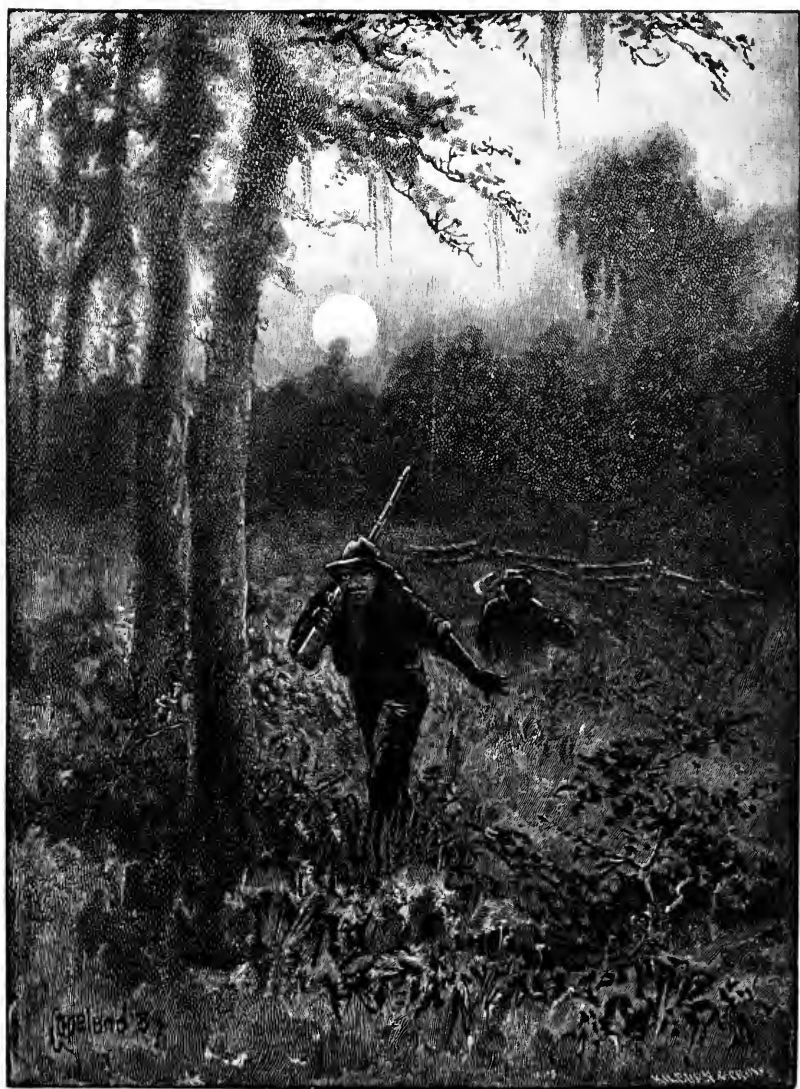
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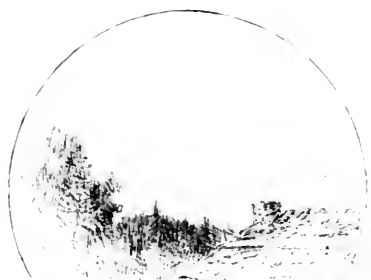
A decorative floral illustration featuring a small, round, daisy-like flower head and a stem with leaves, positioned below the last line of text.





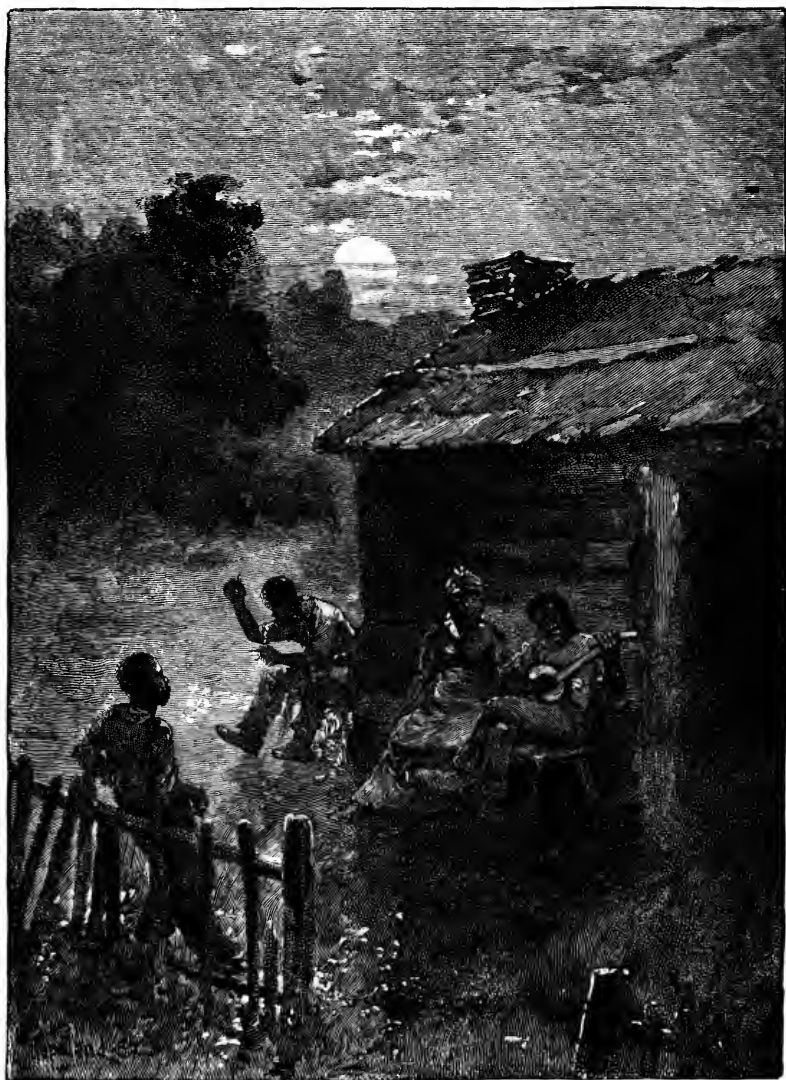
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They sing no more,  
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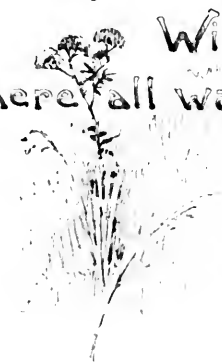




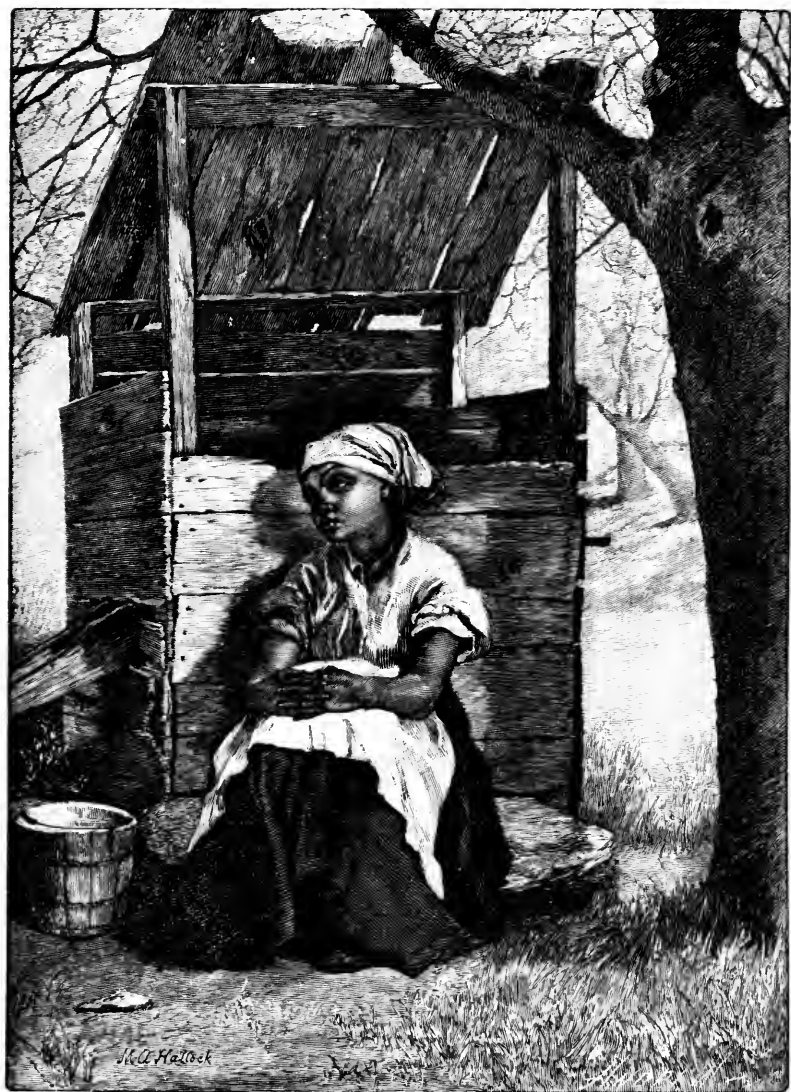


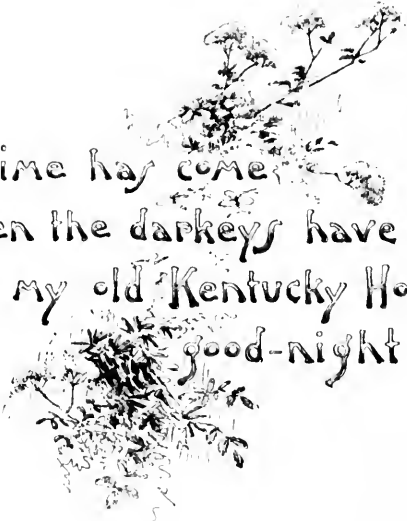
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With sorrow  
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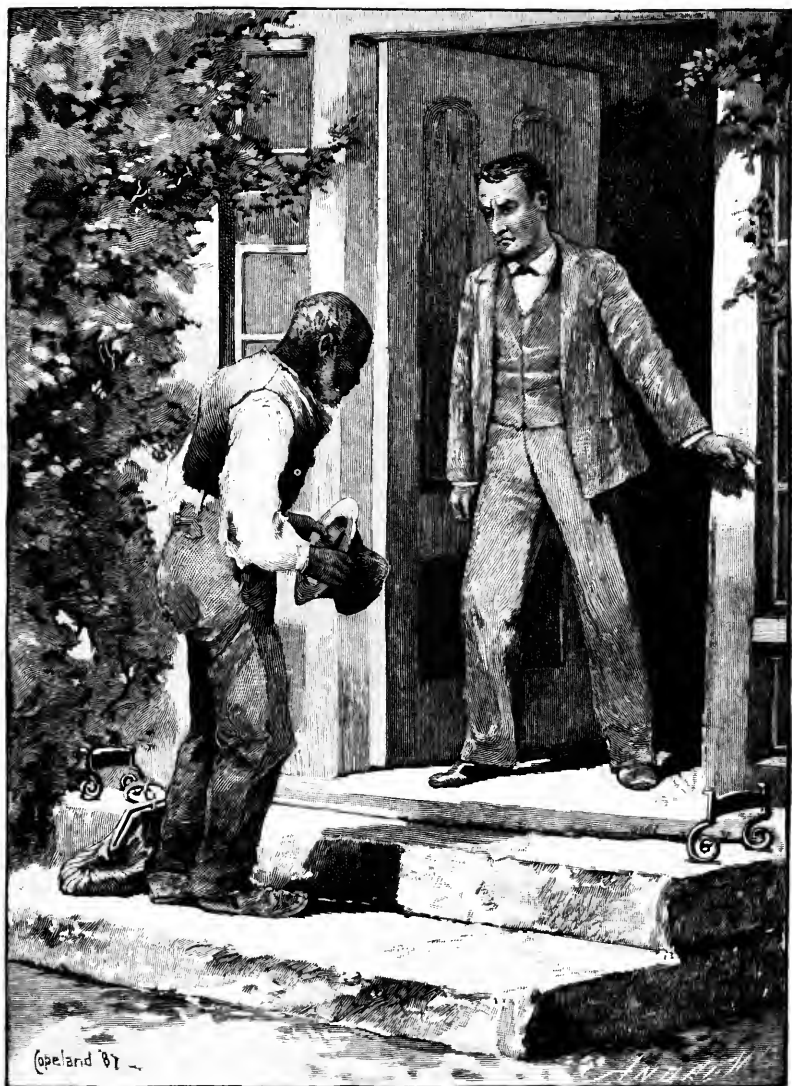


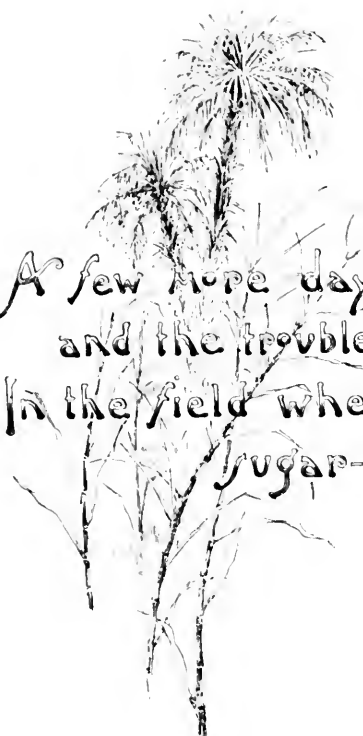


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Wherever the darkey  
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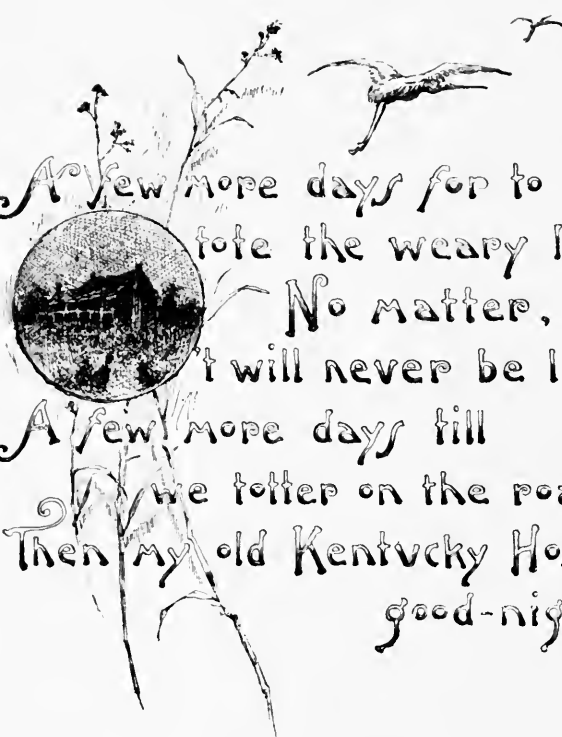






A few more days,  
and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the  
sugar-canes grow;

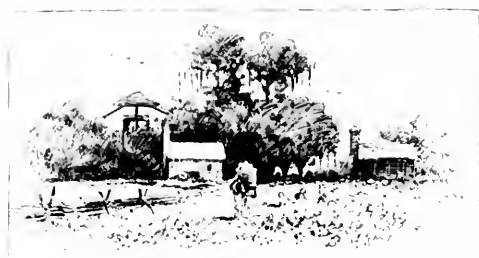




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No matter,  
it will never be light;  
A few more days till  
we totter on the road;-  
Then my old Kentucky Home,  
good-night!







# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-eyes are  
gay, The corn-rop's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
birds make mu-sic all the day! The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All  
mer-ry all hap-py and bright, By'n-by Hard Times comes a-  
knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y Home, good-night!

CHORUS.  
1st & 2d SOPRANOS.

Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will  
TENOR & BASS.  
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far a-way.

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